

The Quest for the Dragon Stone

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Summary: Hiccup has always been an adventurer at heart, but when he receives word that there exists an object called the Dragon Stone, that is said to have grave consequences for those who quest for it, will he neglect the call, or will his irrepressible wanderlust win him over? (Set five years after HTTYD 2.)

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own "How to Train Your Dragon."

A/N: This idea has been floating around in my mind for quite some time now, and I finally decided to answer it. So enjoy, and let me know what you think!

* * *

><p>Twelve years before the bond between man and dragon had been established, when all the final scurrying for winter's fury had reached its climax, an old woman with spider-withered hands arrived to meet with the Chief of the village, Stoick the Vast.</p>

It was tradition that on the third birthday of the Chief's sons, when it was certain they would not be taken by infant disease, that the elder of the village come and tell whether or not he would one day become Chief.

Now Stoick, who still had not accepted the fact that his wife was gone, had little hope that his son, the runt of the litter, would become Chief, but was willing to see anyway. Maybe it was the fact that he was his only son, or maybe because his mother had loved the boy so much that believing otherwise would be disrespectful to her memory. But for some reason he still retained hope for him. A hope so inexplicable that it angered him to the core.

A bony knock came at the door, the father had been so angst ridden

that he nearly jumped out of his chair to open it. It was time. Passing a sudden hesitation, he opened the door, feeling the biting cold sting his nose. He had to adjust his gaze to meet the short old crone's and quickly invited her in.

How she had not froze to death in her frail elderly state, he would never know, but he did not care now. Now was the moment when he would find out whether or not his son, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III would become Chief.

The silent old woman walked ominously over to the cradle in which he lay, tossing and turning in infantile behavior. Her cracked old lips spread into a warm smile as she placed a hand atop his forehead.

Stoick watched from afar, trying to maintain his composure while the crone did her work. How long will this take? Is taking more time a good thing or a disastrous one? His thoughts had no time to organize, because the old crone had straightened from the crib and was now facing him.

It was as if life itself had froze in this instant, like the gods were watching him, and he stood tall and with as much dignity as he could muster. Slowly a trembling old finger pointed toward a yellowed paper on a desk nearby.

Good, she has something to say. He thought and like a dog, fetched the paper. He then followed around to her back to observe her writing from over the shoulder. The charcoal flowed in strange patterns that to a normal eye would appear babble and utter nonsense, but to him it meant both happiness and fear.

He translated it as: Becoming Chief will be but the most minuscule of his accomplishments. However, you will not live to see it. But fear not, his great accomplishment will present itself with you as the ultimatum.

His heart was enveloped in bittersweet essence. His son would be Chief! But it was not something he would live to see. He then realized that she had not yet finished. He continued: But beware the most perilous threat to our well-being will be in the hands of your son. His desire will be called by something, and if he chooses to answer that call, it will bring the end of his life and the life of Berk.

In an instant she folded the paper up and tossed it in the fire, leaving Stoick bewildered. That couldn't be it! There were so many questions left unanswered. Is he supposed to prevent this? What will call his son's desire?

His ravaged and torn face looked to hers for the answers, but she was gone. All that remained was the faint sound of embers rising from the mantle, and the distant sound of a dragon approaching the village.

Limply he grabbed his axe above the mantle, taking a brief moment to look at his son in the cradle. "Your mother always believed that you would do great thingsâ€¦ and I'm going to make sure that nothing hinders your path." He tightened his grip on the weapon, then in a new surge of confidence, threw open his front door and ran for the

beast that had begun to torch homes by the shore.

* * *

><p>Twenty three years later, the sun shone bright above the village as a twenty-five year old Hiccup soared over the town on his companion, Toothless.</p>

The ecstatic dragon basked in the warmth of the early summer sun, allowing his tongue to hang out over the side of his mouth. He loved the feeling of the wind whipping it, but would only do it when he was truly happy.

Hiccup on the other hand, preferred to keep his tongue inside his mouth for, one time he decided to mimic his friend and ended up choking on an insect.

"All right, bud, whaddya say, we try the mountain again?" He saw the dragon's head set, determined. "I'll take that as a yes."

Aside from the attire he regularly wore, he had made some upgrades. Taking inspiration from Astrid, he forged steel shoulder plates which descended down the triceps to his elbows. He also had a pair of fine leather and steel plated gauntlets which kept his finger exceptionally warm.

After they had reached the mountain top he realized that he had been followed. The Nadder came to a stop next to him; its wings glistened with slick sturdy steel armor while the metal on her head flowed to just above the mouth. The Viking that rode the saddle jumped into the snow below; face hidden beneath horned iron, the rider approached. The helmet was carefully removed, thick blonde hair poured out, instantly captured by the wind. Eyes of ocean blue washed over him as they caught his. Sometimes her beauty caught him off guard. This was one of those times.

As her sweet, slender figure approached, she began, "Your mother's looking for you, says it's important."

He loved the way her delicate voice sounded, taking every word she spoke as a gift. He thanked her for the message. "I will be down in a moment. Will you be joining me?" He retain hope to be able to spend some time with her. She had been so busy over the past few months that he had hardly even seen her face. Having her deliver the message to him was a blessing.

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I have too much to do. Maybe I'll stop by tomorrow." She tried at a smile.

He forced a smile back, that's what she always told him; tomorrow, the next day; always giving something to keep his mind positive. But it was not her fault, and he knew it. It was his fault if anything. He had made the decision to make her his assistant: a job that is very consuming.

She seemed to like it though, and that at least made him happy.

As she departed, he set his sights down the perilous slope before him. "Ready, bud?"

The dragon barked in confirmation. Muscles contracting in his legs he launched off the side, speeding downward. As incredible the feeling of rapid descent was, it was overshadowed by a sudden longing to spend time with his friend, Astrid.

They soared into the village moments later, Toothless upset by his friend's behavior; he had no loud, joyful cheers nor did he compliment him on his performance. He just smiled thinly and went to his house. He knew he had not done anything wrong, but that something else occupied his friend's mind. And he was going to help.

* * *

><p>He approached the familiar shack of a home with his friend by his side, observing his solid distant face as his mother greeted him.</p>

The older Viking had lines of happiness tugging at her cheeks as she excitedly dragged her son over to a small table.

"Mom," He whined, "what's so important that you had to drag me from flying with Toothless?"

"Oh, just you wait! You'll love it, I'm certain of it!" She turned away from him fiddling with something he could not see.

What could it be? he wondered. Not normally would his mother get this excited over something. So natural intrigue consumed him.

She turned around and his eyes fell on a small dark wood chest that was poised in her hands. "What isâ€¢"

"It's a chest from your father!" She was nearly jumping from the balled up excitement.

Now it was his turn to show emotion as his eyebrows raised nearly off his head. "What? What's inside?"

"I haven't opened it yet. I thought I should wait for you. It's only right to do this together."

He eyed the strange box, noting its sinuous metal designs. "Where did you find this?"

"It was tucked into your old cradle. I happened to come across it while I was rearranging things. There was a note on it," she handed the aged slip of paper to him. It read: To my son, for all the great things you'll accomplish in life.

Lowering the paper he saw the warm smile of his mother, arm extended with chest balancing on her palm, "Here you are."

He grabbed it; Toothless sniffed it, immediately recognizing the scent. He drew back and looked to his rider's face. Hiccup popped the thin latch and slowly opened it, the hinges sticking from age.

Inside he saw a withered piece of paper with a small dragon crest necklace lying on top. He shook his head and swiftly closed the chest, handing it back to his mother.

She grabbed it with a confused hand, "Do you not want this?" she asked, her tone soft.

He continued to shake his head, "I'm sorry, it's justâ€¦ too much right now. I'll look at it in the morning."

Her lips curved with sympathy, still years later the subject of his father was vulnerable. She watched his retreating back move up the stairs, closely followed by his companion trying to cheer him up.

She looked down to the small box and dared to peek inside. Bright gold reflected from a within and she quickly closed it, knowing exactly what it was.

Quivering, a tear escaped her eye as she hugged the box. It was the pendant that Stoick's great grandfather had made. It had been worn by his son who gave it to his son who now... gave it to his son.

* * *

><p>Later that night, Hiccup's mother invited the weapon forger, Gobber, over to show him this chest. She felt it right to do this considering how close the two had been. She cradled the small wooden box in her arms as she peered into a dark room, watching her son sleep blissfully. Thin, pale moonlight illuminated his features, she noted the way his arms lay, one under his pillow, one on top. He never did outgrow that habit. She thought.</p>

She felt tears spring into her eyes as she noted the similarities between his appearance and Stoick's. Sure he had her eyes and facial structure, but the nose; large and bulbous. The mouth; thin but capable of carrying swift ferocity, and then the hair; smooth silk auburn, with frayed ends that would no doubt need to be one day, tethered. Those were his father's.

She sighed, "My boyâ€¦"

The sudden touch of a hand on her shoulder caused her to recoil in a gasp, only to see the lopsided face of Gobber. She allowed a sigh of relief to flow from her as she recognized the face.

"I'm sorry miss, didn't mean to scare ya." He apologized. He felt the tension in her shoulders, couldn't help the concern. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes. I was justâ€¦ caught up in the moment." She sighed again, looking back at the rising and falling form of her son. "He finds such peace in slumber."

"Aye, it's a wonder too, with all the things he does in a day." He said.

She could not hide the overwhelming feeling in her heart, snuffed back tears.

Gobber was alarmed by this and took her shoulders. "What's the matter?" Was it something he said?

She wiped away a tear, shook her head, "Forgive me, but, today's just beenâ€œ" She found herself unable to finish, confronting emotions too much for her to handle.

The larger Viking straightened and gestured down the stairs, "Maybe we could discuss this downstairs."

She nodded slowly, glancing at her sleeping son one last time before following the man into the room below.

They pulled up screeching chairs to the small platform. Gobber angled his large aged body to slowly plop into it with a grunt. He shifted for a moment, trying to get comfortable, while Valka waited patiently. Honestly she was nervous about discussing this, still raw, topic and felt even more awkward expressing such feelings to a man like Gobber.

She sighed inwardly, then realizing that her arms still clutched the chest, set it on the table. She saw the way her action had resonated on his face as Gobber watched her with obvious concern. Am I really that readable? Perhaps all those years with the dragons caused her to lose her perception of humans. So she decided to take the most sensible approach and be honest with him. "Be honest, Gobber, what do you think of me? For being absent all those years."

Her question carried such force and desperation that it took him by surprise, "Why?" He asked. Only after, when he saw her gaze, did he realize how foolish the question was. "If honesty's what you want, then all right; I think it was foolish to've stayed away all those years when you had a husband and son that needed you." He hated the way it sounded, but it was honesty in its full bestial form. "As a mother it was your duty to be there for him; to nurture him; to give him his sense of purpose in the world, and you weren't there."

The painful truth shone through deep shadows under her eyes. "Thank you." She said quietly, fixing her gaze on the chest to avoiding his. "Your honesty means a lot."

He was unsure of how to respond to that, so he remained silent. After a moment of awkward silence, he began sliding his thumb over his nails. "You know, your son loves you, despite your absence."

She nodded in silent knowing. Even though he never said it, she knew just by his perception of her that she had been forgiven, and that was why she returned to her birthplace.

Gobber wet his lips and drummed his fingers on the table. Something else floating his mind. "So, living around dragons for all those years, did you ever find the Stone?"

She stiffened at the word. "No." She bit off, "And I never tried either." Now her posture had become sloppy as she leaned forward. "I'll tell you something that no one, not even Stoick knewâ€œ My father, you know him correct?"

"Why, who hasn't heard of the great Torsten?" He said, his tone jumping in admiration.

"And do you know what happened to him?"

"He was killed in a pirate raid." Gobber said confidently. Everyone who resided on Berk knew of the great raid where Torsten sacrificed himself to save the village. There was even a portrait of him hanging in the Great Hall.

She laughed bitterly. He took her laughter as an insult and hardened his face, "Aye, what's there to laugh about?"

She looked at him, "Do you really believe that?"

"Aye." He said firmly.

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you but he died searching for the Dragon Stone."

"You lie!" He yelled, outraged at her accusation of this great man.

"If only." She said regretfully, "He was quite the adventurer, and as soon as he found out that an object existed that could have full power over dragons, he had to find it." She paused looking nervously to the stairs to make sure they were not being listened to. "Hiccup can never find out about this!" She held her tone low, "He'll surely set out to find it."

Gobber shook his large misshapen head, "I don't see what you're worried about? The lad's got a dragon now, a Night Fury at that! Nothing will dare attack him."

She gritted her teeth in irritation, her forehead wrinkling as she did so. "No. Him having a dragon won't make a difference!"

"Listen, I know that you're scared 'cause legend tells that 'Many a Viking hath sailed its waters questing for it and none hath returned.' But the world is less dangerous now."

Her eyes appeared as deep pools of black, "It's not the world I'm worried about."

"So what? Man has tried and failed to find itâ€""

"No," She shook her head solemnly, "They tried and died."

2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: I do not own "How to Train Your Dragon." The Original Characters belong to me.

A/N: Sorry for the wait, I've been busy with my other story. In the future I'll try to make these uploads more frequent.

* * *

><p>"Has he had the revelation of the Stone yet?" The voice came thin and soft.<p>

"Not yet, but it'll soon come." A deep voice replied.

"Dirty, Berkians, I hope this'll be the end of 'em all!"

"Patience, Vidar, that will come, but in time. Right now our prime target is the Chief and his Night Fury."

"This is a waste of time! So many have fallen to us before, we could just end it all here."

"By striking out now, we give them the upper hand. We cannot afford that."

"We can't afford anything! All we do is sit and wait, while the moment could not be more opportune."

"One day I'll have you strangled for your disrespect."

"I'm sure you will. I shame you too much!"

"...Let's return to the topic at hand, shall we?"

"Yes, back to it. What perils await us, or, me rather, from this boy?"

"For a youth, you are rather slow and foolish."

"And for an old man, you don't drool very prettily!"

"You are foolish enough to believe that you can actually escape killing this chief with your life. You may be able to defeat the boy, but the dragon will take you down."

"I sense jealousy in your voice. Could it be that you regret not being able to devise such a brilliant scheme by yourself, but required my intelligence?"

"The ice you tread on is very thin; any more weight to your head and you'll break through."

"You'd find pleasure in it, I know. But I'll be laughing at your frown when I return through the door."

"If you are so sure, then go."

"Oh, I will, and the last sane thought to enter your mind will be a question: How did Vidar's brilliant stealth tactic work so well, when my fat body only wished to wait?"

"You are wasting time, boy!"

"Don't tell me what I'm doing! I have a special plan for this chief, and once it works, you'll finally see how useful I am."

"Goâ€| Oh, and son. If you return with no proof that the Chief and his dragon are dead, you will be killed."

* * *

><p>Hiccup lay smirking in his bed. He had been awake the entire time his mother had been watching him. He had sneaked to the rim of his door once she had left and listened to her conversation

below.<p>

"Dragon Stoneâ€|" he whispered. He looked at his companion in a smile, "Boy, bud it'd be great to find something that no one else has!"

The dragon perked up at his words, coming over and seating himself closer. He saw the boy's thoughts racing within his mind, the excitement growing in him.

Springing up from the pillow, he grabbed the Night Fury's head, a look of desperation in his eyes as he stared into the dragon's, "We gotta do it, bud! We gotta be the ones to find it!"

The Night Fury huffed in his face, finding his rider's odd display concerning.

He moved to stand on the edge of his bed in that moment, drawing in a deep breath, "My heart hungers for adventure, and it is long overdue."

He looked at the dragon that watched him, entertained, wagging his tail at the excitement radiating from his rider.

He then dropped back into his bed with a whoosh of the blankets. The concerned reptile checking his face to make sure he was all right. All he saw was the euphoric smile on his face, then, "We'll find it, bud. I promise."

Toothless was bewildered by the swift changes in his emotions, but did not push further when he saw the boy's eyes slide shut and drift into slumber. In a huff, he walked over to the stone plate of a bed, warmed it up with a breath of fire, then circled it, stomping out the embers.

He slouched on top the warmth looking at his friend once more before closing his eyes to sleep as well.

The next morning, just outside of his house by the racket of a crumbling tower of weaponry, her shoulders slumped with the weight of relentless responsibility. She was tired and exhausted, and desperately needed a break. It was in times like these where she began to question her decision of accepting this job. It was tiring, difficult and time consuming, but she was certain she could handle it.

She was caught by a delightful scent filled her nostrils, she looked to the source, saw the open door of Hiccup's home. "Maybe I could take a quick break."

The young Viking Chief was just coming down the stairs when he saw the sinuous figure in the doorway, his heart began to beat. She was there; beautiful, thin lips and deep blue eyes, standing in the doorway, searching for something.

She's actually here! He thought. He didn't know why, and he didn't care. She was here, finally here, and the smile on her face told him it was of her own free will and not of some task.

He rushed to her side, making sure to live the rare moment

up.

"Astrid, Great to see ya! What brings you here?" he asked.

She inhaled, "That wonderful smell."

He turned his head and looked back to his mother, hastily preparing a dish. "You like my mother's cooking?"

She wrinkled her brow, "Why're you looking at me like I have two heads? Barf and Belch are with the twins."

He shook his head, "Nah, It's justâ€| my mom's cooking."

"I can hear you, Hiccup!" His mother yelled from the kitchen.

He winced, "Sorry, mom."

Astrid wandered in and took a seat at the small wooden table they used for dining. It had become normal for her to have access to their home without needing to knock, since Hiccup's trust in her ran so deep.

She removed a layer of armor, wrapped it on the head of the seat, then eased into it. "Ah, it feels great to finally sit down. You don't know what it's like to have to be constantly on the run from sunrise to sundown."

Valka shook her head, "Your poor body needs a rest. You should take some time off and spend it with your dragon. I'm sure Hiccup wouldn't mind, would you, son?"

Hiccup took a seat as well, Toothless plopping beside him, "Oh, of course not! Yeah, you're more than welcome to take a vacation. Considering you work harder than all of us combined."

She smiled at the compliment, "Oh, no one works harder than you, you're the Chief!"

He shrugged, "It's more of a mental exhaustion, than anything else. But your job is the true test of physical endurance."

She huffed from her nostrils, considering his offer, "I don't know, resting is not really my thing."

"Please, Astrid, you can spend the day with me, we'll do something!"

She sighed, a smile working its way onto her face, "Fine. But we're not just gonna sit around! Just because I have off doesn't mean I'm gonna be lazy."

Hiccup slammed the table in happiness, "Yes! Thank you, Astrid."

Valka sent him a look, "Be careful with the furniture, Hiccup! This table was made by your great grandfather." She sat a platter of fish down in the middle of the table, each quickly grabbing one.

"Glad you came to your senses, Astrid. Believe me, I worked just as

hard as you when I was your age, and my back's paying for it now." She said, taking a seat.

Hiccup ate quickly, despite the obvious distaste of the food, still having many things he wanted to discuss. The most pertinent of them was the Dragon Stone. _It would be so amazing if I could convince her to come with me_. He thought as he watched her eat, her thick blonde hair, encasing her perfect face. Such a strong and fierce being, and she can be so graceful at times.

She soon finished and his mother took care of the food then bid them a good night.

Hiccup twiddled his thumbs, waiting for his mother to leave. Once she had, he fixed his gaze on the blonde haired girl.

"Soâ€œ; are you still an adventurer?" He asked, trying to contain his nervousness.

She shrugged, "Haven't been on one in a long time." She immediately knew what was coming next.

"Well, how 'bout we go on one?"

She laughed, "Hiccup, we're not children anymore, we've got responsibilities."

"I know, I know, just hear me outâ€œ;"there is this stone out there, called the Dragon Stone. It's never been found before!"

"Then, how do you know it even exists?"

"Becauseâ€œ;" he stopped, lowering his voice, "Because, I overheard my mother talking about it. She said that it has special abilities, like how the alpha controls the dragons."

He noticed his lowering of tone, but thought it only as a courtesy of his resting mother. "Wait, so you're telling me that there's a stone that can control dragons?" She asked incredulously.

"Yes. And I think we should find it and keep it safe, so that people like Drago, can't get their hands on it."

"What makes you think we can find it, if no one else ever has?"

"We've got dragons." He said, gesturing to Toothless.

She looked at the dragon, nodded, "Okay, you've got a point, but still, I can't just my home and neither can you, your people _need_ you!"

"C'mon, it will be like old times; venturing into lands unknown. And we'll be potentially saving the world."

She pursed her lips, mulling it over. Then with another glance at Hiccup's pleading face, sighed and punched his arm, "That's two things today, you've convinced me to do, so you'd better be grateful!"

He nearly jumped from his chair in joyous celebration. "Excellent! We'll leave first thing in the morning."

She stood from her chair, "All right, but we're not searching more than two days for this thing, understand?"

He nodded.

"Okay," she headed for the door, "I'll prepare, Stormfly and meet ya in the morning, then."

"All right, see ya in the morning," He said, turning around as the door slammed shut.

Toothless looked at him in a turned head, confused as to his excitement.

He danced around the Night Fury, "Oh, bud, we're gonna go on a journey."

He stopped as his eyes fell on the chest his mother had presented to him the day prior. He walked toward it, opening the wooden box hesitantly. Reaching in he put his hands around the golden pendant, memories of his father striking him. He always wore the thing, day and night. Never once had he seen the man without it.

He smiled at it and slowly brought it to his head, slipping it on. The dragon crest fell just over the center of his chest. He gripped it, "And I'll remember you as I travel."

* * *

><p>AN: Well, there you have it, the second chapter. A little shorter than the first, I know, but now that the story is taking off, the chapters will become increasingly longer.**

End
file.